

As you slowly wake up in the insides of the dubious unknown dream
Freeing yourself from the stress-filled strains of the ever haunting reality
You witness a scene befitting of nameless beasts, a rotten garden of souls
Whose decayed stench your nose can barely stand

Look past the unnerving flowers for the forgotten spot where Presence lies
To know how to see in this unstable reef means for you to close your eyes
As the light whose existence the dream depends upon fades, you kneel
And you whisper with me, Presence, grant us eyes, grant us eyes

You wake up from your eternal slumber to the voice of your new listener
The soot black of your flesh contrasts beautifully with the pale moon
And the mind of the listener is yours and only yours to take
You hear the wish of the heart and feel the Arcane will

You come back to your senses greeted by a foul smell
As you realize your existence is ephemeral the dream starts to captivate
Ruins of great civilizations and their atmosphere of a distant past engulf you
For your destiny is that of greatness but your end lies in here

Your trance is heightened, the fulfilled soul moisturises the bier
And as you go back to sleep your dream realm fades yet again
To realign in the mind of another of your listeners with insight
Presence is your name, Wishes you fulfil and souls are for you to take

You let your children dream and so they vow to you and yours
You, the god of the rivers of consciousness, who lives inside your head
You, who dominates insight, grant us eyes, grant us eyes.